vertue, may bring you to honour: to which, if my helpe may auaile, I will say Amen to such prayers, as may bee made in a good mind: In which, hoping you will labour to rest in, I leaue you to your best rest: and so rest,

Your friend, as farre as I may not be mine owne enemie. S.P.

FINIS.

A POSTE VVITH A PACKET OF MADDE LETTERS.

The Second Part.

LONDON
Printed for *Iohn Browne*, and *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold in Saint *Dunſtans* Churchyard, 1609.

To the Reader.

READER I know not what you are, and therefore I cannot well tel what to ſay to you: onely this at aduenture, if you be wiſe, you will not play the foole in ſcoffing at that, which perhaps may deſerue a better countenance: if you be e not wiſe, I can but pray for your be tter vnderſtanding: howſoe uer you be, I will hope the beſt of you, that you will thinke of my worke as it deſerues, which is as much as I deſire. If you get any good by it, thanke me for it: if hurt, thanke your ſelfe, for your

abuſe of that might ſerue you better: this is all I can, and will at this time ſay vnto you: my intent was to pleaſure many, and you may be one of them: and to hurt none at all, and therefore not you. So leauing my Booke to your liking, as it falleth out, I reſt as I haue reaſon.

Your Friend,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

A POST WITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

The Letter betweene the Knight. R. M. and the Lady. E. R.

SWeet should bee that spirit, which through the instinct of love understandeth the silence of truth, whose tongue is the heart, whose wordes are sighes, in which are hidden the secret fruits of those trees, that onely grow in the Paradise of reason: vouchsafe then faire eye, more bright then the fierie beames, with one faire glaunce, of your gratious fauour to bielle this rude and unworthy Paper, the which if it haue made you any offence, in the fire consume it: but if through the power of the fates, or the effect of your kindnesse it may doe you the least pleasure. Let him bee Metamorphosed to worse then nothing, that would be any thing, but that Letter: during your reading, or ever any other thing, then your will in your seruice: for that under heauen, hauing no cause of comfort, but in my concealed hope of your grace, let all wordes sweet be as bitternesse to my thought, that shall seeke sweetnesse in other sense: so looking for no felicitie but in the nest of the Phœnix: in the admiration of honour, in the humility of loue I rest,

Yours deuoted to be commanded.

Her Answere.

VVIsedome might well appeare in that heart, which could pearce into the conceipt of that spirit, that with the figures of love, deceiues the sense of simplicitie: which not suspecting euill, findes seldome other substance: O poore truth how is thy Title made a shadow of deceipt, while in seeking of Paradise, folly fals into hell: yet not to wrong any Creature, happie may he liue, that makes faith his felicity, and pardoned be that paper, that doth but his Masters message: let them sighes be buried in the depth of forgetfulnesse, while silence vnderstandeth that vertue speaketh: and in the fier of that flame, whose heat is more felt then seene, be that Letter burned that offends me with pleasure: so assuring my selfe, that if from the nest of the Phœnix you passe without a Feather, eyther the figure will be a Cipher, or the sancte affection: so leauing your best thoughts to a blessed Issue, I rest affectionately.

Yours in what I may.
E. R.

His Replie.

VVnworthy should that heart be of the least of loues happinesse, that can haue power to giue place, to the poyson of deceit: and more then miserable were the life, that to hell makes such a passage: Oh blessed creature, doe not thinke the world to bee the Caue of the accursed, nor doe a wrong to loue, in the suspition of truth: Simple faith hath no feare, and true loue cannot faine: but if silence be the onely Answere of the expectation of comfort, hope in obscurenesse must seeke the happinesse of Desire: but let not sancte be a Cypher, when faith knowes no fiction: but let your fauour bee the

letter

ſelfe in the neſt of my honours Phœnix: which till I may kindly receiue, I ſhall in the ſunne beames of your beauty, conſume to the aſhes of diſcomfort: in which commending the ſumme of my life, to the true and honourable ſeruice of loue, I reſt.

Yours what mine owne,

R. M.

Her Anſwere.

VN gracious is that ſpirit, that through ſuſpition of deceit, doth iniury to loue: and bleſſed is that fancie, that liues onely by faith: ſweet is the warre, where kindneſſe endes the quarrell, and little the hurt, where hope is a moſt preſent and ready helpe: in breife, they are blinde trauelers that in ſeeking to find heauen, goe to hell, and if loue bee himſelfe, he hath life in aſſurance: let it then ſuffice you, to finde the due of deſart, where deſire exceedes not the limits of reaſon: ſo, in the nature of that honour, that giues vertue her beſt Grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I reſt: as I haue occaſion to equall honour in true affection.

Yours as I find cauſe.

E. R.

A merry Letter from a conceited friend to his like Familiar.

HOneſtie, I hope I am in the right, except the great Wind haue blowne cleane away your beſt witte, giue

giue me leaue, spight of your teeth, to tell you that I loue you, and least I should grow deafe I would be glad to heare of you: for though I am not blind, yet I cannot see you: and therefore hauing a fit messenger, I thought it not amisse to write to you, not for any thing that I haue to say to you, but that while I thinke on you you should see I do not forget you: for though complements are but idle, yet they make words instead of other matter, and so forth: now to the purpose, you shall vnderstand, that at the writing hereof a sodaine occasion of businesse made mee make an end, ere I had begun, and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to thinke what you list, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health, as I left you, as soone as conueniently you can, I may meete with you, when, and where it shall please you, for as you know, I am for you, in all kindnesse to quite you: and so to him that made you, euer to bleese and keepe you, with my hearts commendations I leaue you.

Yours what euer ynne.

B.

An Answere to the same.

WAg pasty, I am sure I am not in the wrong, except the sun haue dryed vp your braines since I left you: Let me, for I will tell you that, in my loue, I out leape you and will not be so idle, as not to answere you, that my senses doe not so faile me, but that I vnderstand you, and hauing no better company would be glad to be troubled with you: for you haue not a kind thought wherein I doe not quarrell with you, whether is of more force in the nature of true friendship: which because, fortune fauours few louers this yeare, wee must tarry longer to play our game: but neuer too late to goe to anill Bargaine, for now we doe but talke, our purses take no hurt, but when the terme comes, that wee may come issue

in

in our cases, I feare the kings head in fishstreete will find us two good clients, but all is well that ends well, except it were bad in the beginning, as I thinke by this my letter, for, being troubled with I not tell you what, least it should make you thinke I care not what, I have written what you may reade, and doe as you see cause, either to reply upon imperfection, or let it rest with a non-plus, and so: not doubting you to bee your selfe, and to put me in the number of your second selfe: I rest to your selfe as my selfe.

One alwaies yours.
H.W.

A reply to the last Letter.

IF you were as wise, as I could wish you, I could take a little paines to write unto you, and yet for that you understand your selfe, I care not if I trouble you with a little lines In the parish of Saint Alle, at the signe of the hobby horse, maid Marian, and the foole, fell together by the eares with the Piper: so that had not the goodman of the pewter candlestick, set in for the Morris-daunce, the Playgame had beene quite spoyled: but when the game had gone round and the braines were well warmed, the legges grew so nimble that their heels went higher then their heads: but in all this cold sweat while Auksigurs and his best beloved were casting sheepes eies at a Cods-head, but sad cre came through the street, the Forbad killed a tame goose, at the suddaine noyse whereof the multitude were so scarde that all the Morris Dancers were dended, and the foole came home to your towne: but because we have some misse of him in our parish, I pray you keepe him not too long with you, and so for lacke of better present occurrents, content your selfe, with such newes as the time affords you: hereafter you may have better, till when and alwaies, I rest as you know.

Yours. T. R.

An Answere.

IF you were not more then halfe mad, you would not have danced such a trenchmor, with your little wits. but yet, since I guesse it is about the full of moone, I will hope shortly of your amendment: in the meane time, let me advise you, to take patience with your understanding, to direct you in a better course: for when you waked out of your dreame, you saw no body, but the man that you thought was run to our towne, & he was putting you on a coat with four elbowes: for Maid-marian the I think is troubled with you in her cream-pot: but for the hobby horse, alas he hath forgot your turne: and therefore you should do wel to make your repaire to our market, I think it will be a Saints day, when if a naughty bird doe not crosse the Nightingale, you shall heare some strang musique about our Medowes plot: at the least you shall heare the old song that you were wont to like wel off, sung by the black-browes with the cherry-cheekes, under the side of the pide Cow-come line with me and be my love: you know the rest, and so I rest,

Thine what mine.
N. R.

An other reply.

O Wyane Dilner, leave me not behind you, you play the Marchant al the week and make al whole upon the holy day: you would be angry, if you could tell how: and yet, having the cards in your hand, you cannot chuse but turne up noddy: but the matter is not great, the Tayler that fitted my Coate hath made you many a Jacket, where if I were not for displeasing of Jack an Apes, I could make him fall out with his workman, for acquainting you with his invention; but let this passe, and to a better purpose my neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in store for you, and his eldest daugh-

ter

ter would make you both a husband, and a brother, her worth you know, and his wealth will doe no hurt: I should be glad of your good fortune, and yet, I think, should play wil at, be you pleased; and so much for the coniunction congratulatorie now, for newes, I heare none of late, but that the Bailiffe of our towne, hath had a mischaunce, his wife taking a blow that never smarted, he hath a paine in his head, that cannot be cured for having no other plaister but patience, is resolued to make good cheere with his friends, and finding himself alone, is content to make merry with good fellowes: this is all for this time, and so in hast I end,

Yours, *N. B.*

An Answere.

WHen wits goe a woolgathering, the fleed of it may be fine, if it bee well spun: I see you have little to doe that have so much leisure to play your leripups, if I could meete you right. I would fit you a peny worth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt, e though I play at Noddy, I will not take the carde out of your harde; for I know not how you can spare him: but leaving gamsters to their tricks, and Jack an apes to his monky, let me tel you that for your neighbour, you are so neere him, that I need not to trouble him: and for his wealth and her worth, you knowes well enough what to doe with them: for my selfe I love not to shake hands with your constable in the company of kind fellowship but yet not wronging an honest wench, I wil wish her better fortune, then my affection: and so commending thy selfe, I will affist thee with my good prayers, that the Bailiffe of the towne may find thee one among a thousand, I meane to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of further business I will here conclude for this time and alwaies rest:

Thine R. M.

A Packet of Letters.

To my Honorable good Lord, my Lord *Morasi*.

RIght honorable, to expresse vnto your good Lordship, the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better do it, then by this bearer: whom for many good parts, fitting your honours pleasure, I can best commend to your fauourable entertainment: for, as maisters are like black Swans: so, such seruants are choyse creatures: for a little matter of small moment, will hoyse vp sailes aboue the cloudes, while wisdome runnes a course, of a more careful temper: such I hope shall I find your seruant, whose wit and conscience take such counsell in all his actions, that the iudgments of good experience hold him worthy good account: for my selfe least I may be partiall, I will leaue his praise to your proofe: and in hope of your contentment; onely intreat your entertainement; shortly I hope to see you: til when, perswaded that his seruice shall gaine him more praise then my pen, I will leaue his qualities to your trial, and his seruice to your fauour; and so in infragible loue rest, during life.

Yours assured in true affection.
R. B

To my louing Cousen, master T. W. Iustice of Peace.

SIr, I would be glad to write you newes of the dispatch of your business, but yet it will not bee: for Lawyers being full of Clyents, cannot answere all men at once: and therefore considering your matter is in a case of more conscience then gaine, I must attend the leisure of your Counsellor, who as he is wise, I doubt not but will proue honest: and then a little time will be well borne with, that brings a good heure at the last: your aduersarie is full of mony, and trudgeth vp and downe like a Foxe, but I hope in steede of a goose, he will bee

choaked

choked with a feather: haue you no feare nor care of it, for I doubt not to effect it to your content: and so much for your Law bussines. Now for other matters, the occurrents of this time are either so scrupulous, or dangerous, that I think Silence better blamed, then babbling: for though there be few Partridges, yet there are many setters heere in this towne, who listen for speech, intercept letters, accuse the simple, and vndoe the foolish: and therefore I had rather be silent with the Nightingale till May, then prate like a Cuckoe out of season: yet for that you shall not thinke me fearefull of sparrow-blasting, I will write you a little newes. Tobacco is like to grow a great commoditie, for there is not an Ale-house, Inne, or Tapster, but will be at his whiffe or two, and vse it as a shewing-horne to draw on a pot of Beare. Bottle Ale, is more common then good, and yet beare enough, it is so taken vp with the drunken crue. Theeues are well weeded, and yet besides those grosse Letters, there are some lurkers now and then. Painting was neuer so common, and pretty cheape. And for women, some goe like Antickes, some like maskers, some proudly sober, & some like careles resolution, but some few like Angels: but they are too high for men, and therefore I leaue them to higher powers. Now men are as in times past, if young, hardly wise, though witty: if aged wise: if wealthy, serued and honoured: if poore, at least scorned, if not worse vsed: if wise, perhaps employed; if foolish, baffled. this I lay for the most part, for sometime, for some cause both youth and age and poverty and folly, are finely borne withall: but for that, this is rather an old obseruation, then any new matter, I will end my long letter, with never ending loue: And so in hope of your health, commit you to the almighty.

Your very louing Cosin:

W. R.

To the right honourable, his very good Lord, the Lord, W. H.

RIght honourable, your nobleneſſe vnder creaſing to bend my ſeruice to your kindneſſe, hath make me at this inſtant, to preſume a little vpon your good fauour: for it is my good Lord, that I am ſhortly to beſtow a daughter of mine in mariage vpon a gentleman of ſome worth, and according to our cuſtome, friends muſt be feaſted, when a Paſty of Venſon is a grace to the whole ſeruice: your honour ſhall much pleaſure me, and as often hereafter, giue me no little cauſe to be thankefull: my ſtate is not great, but my loue ſo aſſured, as wherein I may deſerue, that I cannot requite, I will faile of my hope, but I will diſcharge ſome part of my debt: And ſo not doubting your honourable fauour, to this my ſute for a Bucke, beſeeching God to adde happineſſe to your good health, I humbly take my leaue.

Your honours in all humbleneſſe.
R. S.

To his deare friend, Maſter. F. R. at his lodging in the Temple.

YOu wrote of late vnto me, for my opinion of your intent, and aduiſe for your courſe: which two points, I will touch as truely and ſtrip, as I can. Your intent is to leaue your ſtudie, and ſhift to Court, and then to Armes: but what hath altered your intent in ſtudie, to fall vpon an intent to ſtrange courſes? For your Lawes peaceably entreat of thoſe things, which you may ſtne diſquiet in paſſing through. For, touching your firſt courſe, is it not better to read of Princes, then to carry their Crownes? you cannot eaſe their burthens, except you had their cares. How full of perils are their pleaſures? Yea, how many inſtruments of miſchiefe doth the Deuill ſend into the world, to

croſſe

croſſe the courſes of good Princes, that are leading their people to heauen? and if they bee Wolues to their owne flockes, how ſafe is it to be farre from their Courts? Now, leauing good Princes to Gods bleſſing, and other to his amendment, goe a little to his counſell. Oh how great are the weight of the charges? and how many the natures of their troubles: who if they all bee of one minde, and as it were one body of many members, yet ſometime a toe, and a finger, a hand or an arme, a tooth or an eye, a tongue or an eare, may perhaps be out of temper, and ſo that all the body may be out of frame: ſay their wittes are great, through experience of place: and their pleaſures great in the authoritie of power: and their powers great, in the vertue of fauour: yet withall, when experience is put to a new ſtudie, prouidence muſt try the power of witte, with no little trouble, and when pleaſures hold in power, lone hath no place in ſeruility: and when power reſts vpon fauour, what is the feare of fortune? And further is not the care of a common wealth, a continuall toyle of witte? power, a dangerous ſteppe to pride: hatefull in the higheſt eye: and fortune vnfaithfull in all her fauours? rather reade then the laudable cariage of their courſes, in the ſeruice of kings, then ſeeke in court to ſee their kingly courſes, for God onely knoweth their conſciences, themſelues onely their cares, and thou canſt not know their croſſes. But leauing them to their honorable proceedings, goe yet a little lower to the Ladies, what ſhalt thou ſee, either a creature like an Angell, if vertuous, or worſe the a woman, if vitious: perhaps thou ſhalt ſee, painting ſpoile a good complexion, or deceiue a ſimple eye ſight: here out of a fine preſence, a fond ſpirit ſpeake idlely, & perhaps an idle wit play the wanton. Now, what art thou benefited by al this? abuſe thine eie with a picture, offend thine eare with folly, or loſe thy time in idleneſſe. Were it not better for thee to read Plato de Venus, then to be ſeruant in vanity? & to laugh at a facy, the to follow folly: yet ſay there be a Phœnix among birds, if her neſt be too high, take heed of climing, for feare of a

fall

fall take heede of the obiect, that makes an abiect of a subiect: but looke a fide at the attendants, what shall ye vse? Coft and curtesie, long seruice, painfull duty, hope of fauour, with feare of displeasure, a great neck, many labourers, and few gaines, and must it so, for deffices are many, but deserts fewer, and therefore they hope little. In summa, a Prince thou canst neuer bee, a Counsellor neuer thinke to be: Ladies are louely, but beauty is coftly, and the charge of attendance, may bring hope for assurance. In mine opinion therefore, thy intent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worse, in thy humours of Courting. Now, for armes, is it not better to read of the noble acts of Conquerours, then to trie the misery of the conquered, and to suffice nature with a little, then to starue for want of foode? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victory, the crosse of valour, the terror of a fight sacke of a City, the defence of a battaile, the sight of blood, the cares of the sorrowfull, and the consideration of conscience: with these with many other ill banquets, bitter storines, deadly wounds, cold lodging hard fare, stinking drinke, and lousie rags: and who knowes how long: these things I say, with what else I say not, are sufficient I hope to dissuade therefrom so desperate a course: rather reade of true valor, and vpon good cause, and fit time, aduenture life for honour, for thy country, thy religion, or thy life: other wise vnder the shew of seeking honour, goe not like a hired butcher to kill beasts: like a bloudie tyrant, to kill men for money: remember what thou hast read. Blessed are the peace-makers: seek peace & ensue it: for God will blesse it, if he make it. Yet if needs thou will go to the field, begin not with the court, least dainty fare, ease, and idlenes, make thee vnfit to aduenture the hard course to honour: but though in regard of the great trauailes, and perils in those passages, the titles of honour, doe most truely belong to the well deserners, while valour shewes in merit, doth grace nobleness in goodnesse, yet, for that I think thy body not answerable to thy spirit, out of my loue I haue written thee my aduise, hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wish, yet such as may be to thy good: and so leauing thy iudgement

sufficient

ficient to determine of thy beſt courſe. I leaue thee with it to the direction of the Almighty, whom I beſeech euer ſo to bleſſe thee that I may alwaies heare well of thee, and reioyce to ſee thee: from my lodging in the little Colledge, this tenth of Auguſt, 1605.

Thine more then ſpoken.
N. B.

A letter of a Batchelar, to a ritch widdowe.

WIddow, if you would not be ſowre, I would call you ſweet: for though you know I loue you, yet you will ſay I flatter you: but yet bee it how it will, this is trueth, beleeue it as you will, your eyes haue caught my heart, who hath ſworne me a ſeruant to your will: I cannot with eloquence court you, but I can truely loue you, and think my ſelfe bleſſed, if I might enioy you: for as your preſence may pleaſe the wiſeſt, ſo your wiſedome may command the honeſt: for your wealth be it more or leeſſe then is reported, your ſelfe being of more worth then you can haue, I wiſh your ſelfe rather then what is yours: you feare perhaps youthes inconſtancie, it is triall that proueth trueth and for my loue, it ſhall end with my life: but what are words vnbeleeued? or hopes not firmly grounded: like the viſion of a dreame, which awake preſages nothing: yet good widow, if you be kind, pitty mee: and if pittifull, fauour me: and if gratious, loue mee: God will reward you, loue will be true to you, and I will dye ere I will deceiue you: you may encreaſe your coyne, and decreaſe your comfort when a coughing ſong at midnight, may make you weepe before day: but venture a little and haue much: what I am or haue, you ſhall haue all: my loue, my ſeruice, my life, and what can you haue more? little more drinke to make the cup run ouer: and perhaps marre the drinke that was good before.

a little more coyne to fil the tother bagge, and perhaps fall out to proue a peice of falſe money: when commended by a Coſtrell, that will ſerue for nothing but a Cuckold, or kicked by a Cub, that will grate you to the bones for an old groat: you will curſe your treaſure that was the cauſe of your deſtruction. No no, good widow, be good to thy ſelfe, in being kind to me: heare me, beleeue me, loue me, and take me: for I will be a ſeruant to thy will, a companion to thy kindneſſe, and as a ſteward of thy ſubſtance: this, as I liue, and hope of thy loue, thou ſhalt find: for my heart hath anowed it, and I will not be a villaine to mine owne ſoule. In which praying for thy health, and to be made happy in thy kindneſſe, to ſay Amen to my prayers: I reſt,

Thine anowed, howſoeuer regarded.
T. M.

To my louing friend, W. D. at his fathers houſe in *Couentrie*.

HOneſt Will, I heare by your mother, that you are going to the Vniuerſity, where no doubt, but with good care and diligence, you may doe your ſelfe much good: but for that I haue paſſed the place that you are going to, and haue tryed the natures of thoſe ſtudies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and which I thinke beſt for thee to follow for thy good: firſt, for the bettter bleſſing of whatſoeuer thou followeſt, beſtow ſome labour in the reading of the diuine loue: that done, note what I tell thee for thy increaſe of thy ſtock, when thou ſhalt come to haue any dealings in the world: for thy better inſtructions in ſuch courſes as may be for thy commodity, obſerue the rules that I will read thee: firſt for Grammer, it is euery Vſhers of petty ſchooles, common ſtaffe. Logicke is but for the Vniuerſitie: for muſicke, it brings more crotchets then crowns: for Aſtronomy, it goes too high aboue the clouds, to doe any good on the earth. Coſmography is good for a trauailer, and Aſtrology for a Sea-man:

but

but for him that meanes to gather wealth, & grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmetick, to be sure of his numbers: it will be a meane to gather wealth many wayes, for if you kéepe a Marchants booke, you shall learne his accounts, the prices of his wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great, as by retaile: as well outward, as homeward: & this is a sure way to wealth againe, if you be advanced to place of office to kéepe account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what payments soever to be made by thē, for Subsidies, Fifteenes, customes, & what else soever. Arithmetick is most necessary for thy speedy dispatch of all those businesses: for howsoever honour may be sought & bought by them that haue enough: seek thou wealth & that will bring thée what the world can giue thée: for if thou fall into want, and impairing & spending thy stocke, be forced to take some meane course for thy maintenance, I will tell thée what thou shalt find true: the honest will only pity thée, & say thou maist kéepe a schoole, tis an honest trade when a churle will grudge at his groat, for a shillings worth of labour, in beating quick sense into a dull wit: who if he be not capable of a good understanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, & thou undeserued, receiue either a frowne or a foule word, for thy labour, now the proud peacock that hath a little more money then wit, will perhaps entertain thée to a bie'w coat, and forty shillings, which how gracious it will be for a good spirit, thou shalt find, & I shall be sorry to heare: beleeue me, if thou haue all the sciences, be furnished with many languages, & art, acquainted with honorable courses, & hall a heart as honest as can liue; yet if thou lack wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt haue a foole come ouer thee, & a knaue abuse thée, & hee whose wit goes no further then his trade, so play vpon thy misery, with scanning thy course of life, that thou wilt with rather neuer to be borne, then to be borne down with vnhappines: yea for necessities sake thou shalt be enforced to beséew thy study in actions & follies, and to spend thy spirit in vain, yea I may say, vile inuentions, to commend an vnworthy person, to the

wound of thine owne conscience, who though he loue to beare himselfe flattered, yet perhaps when he hath very miserably rewarded thee, yet will he lie of his bounty, which is little better then beggery: Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, through meere want, to present an Asse, with a burthen of wit, or a base spirit with a tract of honour: Oh beare Will. the wealthy that haue but a little wit, will grow rich with making a benefit of thy labours: while thou not waying thy lack of iudgement, in the first directing of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrow to thinke of thy mistaken fortune. In briefe therefore follow my counsell, study all the Artes superficially, but chiefly Arithmetique, for it is the assured way to wealth: be not ignorant in Diuinity, for it is the soules comfort: and take heed of poetry, least it run away with thy wit: for it hath commonly one of these three properties, be libelling the wicked, abusing the honest, or pleasing thy selfe: and therefore though some excellent man may haue an excellent humour, do thou rather read in an euening, the make thy dates worke in the study of idlenesse: giue them praise that deserue it, but do not thou bend thy delight towards it: for in a word, it is more full of pleasure then profit. Thus haue I writ thee a tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my aduise, it will doe thee no harme: and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to see it: in the meane time, leaning thy courses with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest.

Thine in much affection.
R. P.

To his most honourable Lady Madam,
Izabella Tarna.

HOnourable Madame, how my vnworthinesse may hope of your goodnes, I cannot find: but in the notes of your nobleneſſe, which, as it may well challenge the height of your Title, so doth it binde a world of seruants to your fa-

vour.

nour: among whom, my ſelfe more deſirous then able to deſerue the leaſt of your good countenance, am not preſumptious to trouble you with an humble ſute. I haue a ſiſter of yeares ſufficient to vnderſtand betwixt good and euill: and of diſpoſition, I thanke God, not amiſſe: her bringing vp hath beene chiefly at her booke, and needle, but yet is ſhe not vnfurniſhed of other parts fit for a ſeruant of her place: which if it might ſo ſtand with your good pleaſure, ſhould bee to attend your honour in your Chamber: her truth I will vndertake, for her diligence I will not doubt off, her kind nature I can ſpeake off, and her affection vnto your Ladiſhippe, I know is not a little: if therefore in all theſe ſhee may bee pleaſing to your entertainment, I ſhall bee bound to your good fauour in the honour of her preferment: which being the higheſt aduancement, that her duty can deſerue, I leaue her ſeruice with mine owne, to your honorable employment. So craning pardon to my boldneſſe, with fauour to my ſute, I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladyſhips in all humbleneſſe.
F. W.

To my moſt beloued Godfather, T. H.

GOd-father, at the Font you gaue me a name, and as I haue heard, and read of others, you vndertooke to ſee mee brought vp in learning, and in the feare of GOD: I do not remember that euer I yet receiued penny from you, to warde the charge thereof, and you hauing neither charge of wife or children, might doe well to beſtow your bleſſing vpon mee, in ſome what better then a bare hand, which will buy nothing is it poſſible, that hauing one ſon in the grace, the other ſhold be ſo farre off? am I your neareſt in nature, and ſhall I be ſurthruſt off in loue? I know not the cauſe, but what euer it be miſchceiued in vnkindnes, let me intreat you, to beleeue my loue, & I deſire no more, for when you are weary of the flattery of

thoſe that ſinde vpon you, among the great ſhowers of your kindneſſe, that you daily raine downe vpon their fields, you will I hope beſtow one droppe of grace vpon my ground, I will vrge nothing but your will, and will loue you more then they which tell you more: be not couetous to gather for them that gape for your goods: and be not faſt-handed, to him, who loues you more then all you haue: and the good that you will doe, let it be in your life, that you may ſee your contentment in the iſſue of your kindnes: loath I am to weary you with words, and therefore in the loue of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health and hearts eaſe, hoping that God will moone you for my good, whatſoeuer is a meane of my hurt, I ceaſe further at this time to trouble you, but reſt al louies in the duety of mine humble loue.

Your affectionate god ſonne, T. B.

To my deareſt beloued friend on earth. H. W.

HOneſt Harry, out of a troubled ſpirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therfore beare with my ſkil, if it be not in the pleaſing nature of ſo good an humor as I could wiſh, and thou art worthy off: but as I know thee able to iudge of colours, better then the blind eyes of Bœtic-heads & of that true kindnes, that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, then increaſe the ſorrowes of the diſtreſſed: let me impart to thee ſome part of my paſſion, that patience in thy pitty, may the better play her part in my ſpirit: what ſhal I ſay? I liue as without life, pleaſuring in nothing, croſſed in al hopes put in many feares, languiſhing in many ſorrows, & troubled with the griefe of a wounded conſcience: not with the horror of murther, the fear of treaſon, nor delight of ſin: but with the cruelties of fortune, the vnkindneſſe of friends, & the breach of my credit: & moſt of all, with them whom I moſt loue. Oh God, my heart aketh, and blame it not: and my ſpirit mourneth, & reaſone

repꝛoue it not: foꝛ though patience bee a vertue that maketh men diuine yet there is but one Chꝛiſt, & men are no Angels: & let mee tell thee trueth, the miſery of my life is intolerable in the ſenſe of nature: foꝛ compare, the afflictions of the moſt patient, with the cauſes of my paſſions, and pꝛeſume a woꝛld of pitie, to behold the mappe of my miſeries: hath one man beene wealthy, & becom pooꝛe: ſo am I: hath another ſuffered wꝛong ſo doe I: another buried his parents, children, & deare friendes: ſo haue I: another trauailed far in hope of gaine, and returned with loſſe: ſo haue I: another been wounded in the wars, fared hard, laine in a cold bed, many a bitter ſtoꝛme, and been at manie a hard banquet? all theſe haue I: another impꝛiſoned: ſo haue I: another long beene ſicke: ſo haue I: another plagued with an vnquiet wife: ſo am I: another indebted to his hearts griefe, and faine would pate and cannot? ſo am I: another in loue? ſo am I: another out of loue with himſelfe: ſo am I: in ſum me, when anie of theſe croſſes, are able to kil the heart of a kind ſpirit, and all theſe lie at once ſo heauie vpon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remoue, beſides my continual toile, foꝛ the reward of vnquietneſſe; while that which ſhould be my comfoꝛt, is my coꝛaſſue, imagine how, with all this, I can liue, and think what a death it is thus to liue. Oh the ſcoꝛn of the pꝛoud, the abuſe of the vngratious, the ſcoff of the ſelfiſh, and the ſcanning of the vnkind: the company of the diſcontentiue, and the want of the moſt affected: the diſgrace of learning the loſſe of time, and the miſery of want. If there be a Hell on the earth, it cannot be farre from this caue of my diſcomfoꝛt; where I am ſure, the deuil ſeeing my deſire to ſeꝛu God, laieth al the barres he can in the way of my beſt comfoꝛt: but I deſie him, and hope in Chꝛiſt that my liuing and louing God, who hath tꝛyed my ſoule in aduerſities, will one day in his mercy, ſo look vpon me, that the deuil ſhal be driuen back from his purpoſe, and the teaꝛes of my ſoꝛow wipt away, I ſhal reioyce in ſuch a ioy, as al my griefs cleane foꝛgotten, my hart and ſoule, ſhall in the ioy of all my ſenſe, in the heauenlie haꝛmony of a holy himne, ſing a new ſong of pꝛaiſe, to the gloꝛy of my Sauiour

our: for the hastening whereof, in my deliverance from my torments, and comforts in his mercies, I will frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy Amen: but I feare I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end: God continue my patience, but not my sorrowes, give me deliverance from my miseries, and make me thankfull for his blessings and blesse thee with as much happinesse, as thou knowest I want; so leaving my hopes to his mercies, and vs both to his tuition: I rest; with as little rest, as I thinke any man can rest,

Thine, or not mine owne.
N. R.

To his faire Mistresse and hearts honour,
Mistresse A. T.

LAdie, I have beene so ill a scholler to love, that I never yet learned the courting of beauty, neither would I willingly vse Arte to abuse vertue: and therefore if plaine trueth may have grace, I will vse no Attorney in this case: which being to be iudged in your kindnesse, I will onely crave audience, and stand to your arbitrement: my case being mine owne lawyer, thus I pleade: your eyes have stolne my heart, now I must either be accessary to mine owne hurt, or accuse you of the felonie, but rather willing to loose my heart in your eyes, then keepe them to looke on other light. I will onely appeale to your selfe, what to doe in this passion: If I love you must know it, for your eies have my heart: and if I loose my heart, you must have it, for your eies are wel worthy of it: but now you have it, preserve it for your service, let it not die in displeasure, that hath no life but in your love: if it could speake, it would tell you how dearely, highly, and only it honours you, and if you will beleeue it, you shall quickly find it: for it is dedicated to your service, and hath no care, but of your favoure: keepe it then to your vse, vse it to your pleasure, and let it die in other comfort. In summe, not to dwell upon ceremonies, it is no-

nothing mine, but all yours: and if it may liue in your eies, it seeks no other heauen in this world: driue it not then from you that hath no life but in you: and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing without you: so leauing it with my selfe, to the honour of your onely seruice, I take my leaue for this time: but will rest euer.

Yours auowed and deuoted.
R. S.

To his very good friend, Master R. B. at his house in *Coll.*

SIr, I knowe you loue no long letters, and my suite being to most men so vnpleasing, I would be loath to be tedious: I haue purchased a peece of land, and laied out all my money, now vpon the suddain, an vnexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge: for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good frinds: among which presuming of your kind promise vpon any vrgent occasion to stand me in steed, I am to intreat you by this bearer, to help me to sixty pounds, wherin you shall so much pleasure me, as so much may doe, and as I can requite it, I will not forget it: I would haue it for six months: my day I will not breake, I will take it kindlie, and deserue it thankfully: my seruant is trustie, and therefore I pray you send it by him: and as you will bee assured of my loue, feede me not with delaies, nor excuse: for I knowe you haue it, and you knowe I will pay it. Thus loath to bie you like a broker, to send you a pawne, as an honest neighbour, let me be beholding to your kindnesse, in which you shall giue me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest vpon, at as short a warning.

Your assured friend to vse,
R. H.

To the Right worſhipfull my very good Maſter, Sir *Thomas Ward* Knight, at his houſe in Padow.

SIr, after my humble duty: I haue talked with diuers of thoſe parties, to whō you directed me, touching ẏ benefitte to be made of the ſute, which you haue in hand, whoſe opinions I find diuers: yet all agrée in this, that if you can procure it irreuocable, the money will be aduentured: otherwiſe, they are loth to engage their eſtates and credits, to far vpon bare hopes for liues are vncertaine, and in the change of times, diuers things fall out contrary to expectation: you ſhall therefore do well before you trouble any of them in it, to make ſure of the matter, in ſuch ſort as may bee beſt for your profit: for the ſute being effected to good purpoſe, leaue to me to deale in it to your content: there is much muttering that you are like to be croſſed in it. I would therefore wiſh you to try your ſtrength in it, & not to ſlip time, for it is precious in a good courſe. beare with me I beſeech you, if I moue your patience, in vrging your ſpeed: for it is for your owne good: againſt your comming to towne, I will haue ſomewhat elſe for you to ſet on foot, for he that wil worke, muſt not haue the fire without an yron, but not knowing your buſines, I will forbeare at this time, to trouble you with idle newes: and onely praying for your health and harts eaſe, commit the conſideration of your owne cauſes, to the managing of your good diſcretion: and ſo humbly take my leaue for this time, reſt alwaies.

Your Worſhips humble ſeruant. *I. T.*

To my aſſured louing friend, T. B. with ſpeed.

NOne paiment of debts, is not only a craeke in credit, but a loſſe of friends, vpon your letter I furniſhed your wāt: and fortune hauing beene your friend, a large conſcience mee thinketh doth not well: your excuſe I yet know not, nor can well deuiſe it: but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your diſpoſition, for a ſetled affection, expecteth the like meaſure

in kindnes: the mony you had of me, is not much, but if it haue done you pleasure. I am glad of it: and if you can well spare it, by this bearer, I pray you returne it, or the cause why you detaine it: I haue lately bought sharpe to store a pasture that I haue to farme, and my money being short, I am bold to write to you for mine owne, which if it come, shal be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may stead you, I will forbeare it: and for the conference betwixt your sonne and my daughter, I thinke they are more ready for vs, then wee for them: your mind I know, and am contented with it: for as I see their procedings, we will soone fall vpon agreement: and to the plaine with you, I thinke I were best rather to prouide you more money, then demand any more that you haue, and therefore making your excuse, in this only point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner writing, assuring you that if this matter go forward, (as it is no other like) as their loues so shall our purses be one: and thus hoping of your health as mine owne, with commendations to your kind sonne, your selfe, and your good Shrew, I commit you to the almighty. Canterbury this fourth of August. 1604.

Your very louing friend. N. T.

To a Iudge in the behalfe of an offender.

My good Lord, you honourable care of Iustice, I hope is seasoned with the charitable weight of mercy, for though the law cutteth off offence by sharpe punishment, yet death takes away repentance, where there is sorrow there is figure of grace, the best Iudge of true Iustice, *Christe Iesus* pardoned the great sinner, and with the gentle rebuke of *sinne no more*, called her to great grace: now shall Iustice vpon the first fact, vse another course vpon an offender? I know it is your oath to doe iustice, yet may you giue time of repentance in respiting this poore man, whose pardon will bee easily attained. Your honour shall doe a good deed, God in imitating his course in iustice, will surely regarde and reward you, the

penitent offender shall be bound euer to pray for you, my selfe with all his friends, will truly honour you. and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercy, when his Maiestie shall heare of it will commend you, beseeching therefore your honour to stay the sentence of death vntill the next Assise, or to graunt him a reprieue til the said time: leaning the poore mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble and bounden seruice to your honorable commandement, in prayer for your good health and all other happinesse: I humbly take my leaue.

Your Honours in all humblenesse.
D. H.

A Letter of complements, To my very good friend maister H. W. at his house in *Kelson*.

Syr, if I could haue let passe so fit a messenger without some thankfull remembrance, I were vnworthy of so good a friend, but your kindnes being such, as will euer work in a good mind, I pray you let me salute you with this little token of my loue: The runlet is of such sacke, as *Bristowe* hath no better, and the sugar-loafe for your good Lady, I assure you is right Barbary which at this time, is here of some price, but vpon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shall haue it cheape here: in the meane time, howsoeuer it be, what you néede command in that or what else may be in my power to accomplish: and so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Bucks, with my hearty commendations to your selfe and your good bedfellow, and many thankes to you both, for my great good cheare and most kind entertainment, hoping to see you at my house, at your comming to towne, where you shall make your owne welcome, I commit you to the Almighty. London, this 11. of July, 1604.

Your very louing and assured friend,
C. R.

To

To his assured friend Master Tho. Rise, at his house in the Strand.

AGainst this time of my attendance, vpon the Iudge of this circuit, I shall haue occasion to vse many thinges, whereof I am now vnfurnished: your skil in chusing the best, & knowing the prices, I know long since, by your kindnesse in the like trouble: and therefore entreate you once more to take a little paines with this bearer my seruant in helping him, in the laying out of his money, vpon such parcels, as in my note for my vse, I haue set downe: your trauell nor kindnes shall not be vnthankefully forgotten, & wherin I may in this country or elsewhere pleasure you, you shal not fail of my best means. If you haue any newes, I pray you acquaint me with them, and if the shippers be come from the Indies, what good successe they haue had: but some earnest businesse makes me briefer then I other wise would be, and therefore hoping of your health, and not doubting of your kindnesse, with hearty commendations, I commit you to the almighty. Salop, this twelfth of Iune. 1606.

Your assured friend.

T. M.

To his very good friend Master S, B. at his house in Ferill.

SIr, where you wrote vnto me, touching the Sale of your Lordshippe of Bar: I cannot answere you for two causes: the one of price is too high: the other, your halfe of money is too great: for touching your price, the land you know is much impaired since the death of your father, the woods are low and very backward, by cutting it afore their full groweth, & your

trées are so wasted, that ther is scarce a peice of timber worth the felling: your more is shrewdly spoyled for lack of draining and your pastures are so overgrowne with bushes, that it will aske great cost in stubbing, before it be brought to any good passe: yet notwithstanding for that we have been upon speech for it, and that you seeme willing to deale with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your money shal not be long deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may have it as I told you, if it bee a hundreth pounds more, I care not, but further indeede, I will not goe a penny: let me knowe your mind by this bearer, out of hand, for I am offered, (I think) a better bargaine: but for my Records sake, and the rather to be your neighbor, that we may now and then have a game or two at Bowles, hoping of your good health and your bed fellowes, I commit you to the Almighty. From my house, this 13. of June. 1604.

Your very loving friend. E. F.

A letter to a proud Mistres.

HOwe beauty will make a foole proud, I would your plaster worke did not witnesse: but had you witte to helpe wickednesse, you would put a Parrat out of countenance: your countenance is made after your conceit as full of merry trickes as a Monkey, and for your foote-pace, I thinke you have fore heeles, you walke as nicely as upon Egg-shels: your haire is none of your owne, and for your steeple tyre it is like the garde of a Maide Marian, so that had you a foole by the hand, you might walke where you would in a Morris daunce; Oh fine come to it, how it fiddles like a Hackney that would tire at half a mile: Well your Tobacco breath with your toothlesse chaps, will be shortly such bad ware, that you will stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you: but what doe I meane to spoile paper with such matter: and therefore I will here abruptly end: wash your face, scoure your handes, put on a cleane smock, get you to your prayers, repent your wickednesse, and mourne to death for your soules sake, for our

carkasse

carkasse is not worth the carrying to the earth: and so hoping that in a good humour you will no some what better then hang your selfe: I leave you to his mishappe, that stinks you for the most filthy creature on this earth till you be meate more serue in the world.

Your poore friend at a pinch. B. T.

A vile answere of a perilous wench.

BEtwixt a raying Knaue and a Rascal, what is the difference: and from a nitty Rogue, what can be lookt for but a Lowse? Oh deuill incarnate: who euer knewe such a villayne? your haire I will not meddle with, for feare of a fall, but I wonder the Ieweliers doe not deale with you for a face, where a pinne can scarce stand betwixt a pearle and a Rubie: Oh, the French Returne bids you keepe out of the winde, for feare your iewel flakes scarce hold up a rotten carkasse now in steed of a Mayes dance, you know the hey by Holborn, where the Hangman at the Gallowes stands to learne you a newe turne: but thou wretched worme, vnworthy the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiuenesse of all the world, make thy confession in the Cart, commend thy soule to the Lord, for thy flesh the dogs will not meddle with: and so in hast hoping my letter may come to thee afore the last cast, I end in hast.

Thy charitable friend. B. C.

A letter of Challendge to a Swaggerer.

SPira, your swaggering is so foolish that children laugh at you where you goe: and for your valour, if your father bee away, your sword will doe no hurt, your tolling of pots feare none but flies, and for your braue words, they are nothing but wind. But least I doe you some pleasure in telling you of your faults, let this suffice to make an end of al matters To morrow in the morning you shal haue me by eight of the clocke

clocke, in the field, beyond your lodging, neere vnto the pale: whoue if you dare come alone, you shall find me without company, ready to doe more then I will speake: till when, expecting no other answere then your selfe, I rest.

Your avowed enemy.
I. T.

A dogged Answere.

DOe you imagine me a Philistian, that you beginne to play Goliah in a letter? I assure you, if your deedes bee like your wordes, my father will not abide the Winde of you: but for my sword it hath a point, and therefore cares not a point for you: if you bee not drunke, I muse what madnes doth possesse you? but the best is, I hope, note you have spoken, you have done: for I will be there where you appoint, but I thinke wil not performe: but as you tel me of my faults I hope to whip you for yours: and so sorry to have lost so much time about idlenesse, I end.

Yours as I have reason.

F. R,

To my very good Cousin, Master. I. D. at his house in Swands.

COusin, I vnderstand you are determined to put your younger sonne apprentise to a Marchant: beleeue me, I allow of your resolution herein, for I that have travelled farre, and seene much, can speake somewat of them, and their noble profession. I could well it give a higher title, for a right Marchant is a royall fellow, hee is desirous to see much, to travell much, and sometime to gaine a little, doth aduenture much: though

though sometime for a little aduenture he doth gaine much: but what are the sundry natures of perils, as well at Sea, as at Land, as well of his goodes, as his person, none knoweth but himselfe, or like himselfe: but hauing trauailed farre, and finished his voyage, after his safe returne, hauing giuen God thankes, note what is the course of his life: to obserue a comely order in the citty, and enrich many poore men by the retailing of his goods, who sit at ease, and sell in their shops, that he with great toile & danger fetched out of farre Countries. Now, say his gaine be great, let it be answered, in ꝑ desert of his trauaile, shall a faire or a fine horse, brought out of Barbarie, bee heere finely kept, well fed, and neatly dressed, and richly attyred: and shall not a Merchant, that hath trauailed many miles beyond Barbarie, not bee thought worthy of a fine house, good land, dainty fare, and an honourable title, for the resolution of his aduenture, and the toyle of his trauaile: shall a Lute or a Cittrene, brought out of Italy, bee put in a case of velvet, and lac'd with gold for well sounding: and shall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went farre further then that coūtrie for better commodities, not be thought worthy of his gaine, and honoured for his minde: shal not the Lawyer sel breath at an high rate: and shal the merchant be grudged his price for his wares? what shall I say: who vpholdes the state of a Citty: or the honour of a state vnder the King, but the Merchant: who beautifieth a Court with Iewels, and outward ornaments, but the trauaile of the Merchant? who beautifies the Gardens with sundry sorts of fruites and flowers, but the trauailing merchant: he may well be called the Merchant, the Sea-singer, or the maker of the Sea to sing: the Sea-singer, when her hath faire wind and good weather, and maketh the Sea to sing, when shee sees the goodly bouses that float vpon her waues, and cast anchor vnder Hands. But let vs leaue the Sea, and come to the land, consider of the sweete and ciuill manner of their liues, whose houses more neat? whose wiues more modest: whose apparrel more comly? whose diet more dainty? & whose carriage more commendable?

 balme

hall vnt without quarrels, merry without madnes, bountifull in their gifts, and coy in all their banquets? whose children are better nurtured, whose seruants better gouerned? whose house better stuffed and maintained? Furthermore, what comfort haue the distressed founde beyond the seas? and how many poore doe they relieue at home? what Colledges? what Hospitals? wh it almes houses haue they builded? and in effect what Cities haue they inlarged, and what Countries haue they enritched? how few Lawyers can say so? all that be al true, which much more might be said in their honor: giue them their right, say the Merchant is a royall fellow, and goe forwardes with your intent, if you will euer haue your sonne see any thing, know any thing, doe any thing, or bee worth any thing, put him to a marchant, and giue with him such a portion as out of his yeares may set vp his trade or traficke: doubt not hee will doe well, and think not he can almost doe better: so beseeching God to blesse him in al his courses, without which will be worse then nothing. I pray you doe as I wish you, charge him to serue God, and so turne him to the world: and thus hauing truely written you my opinion touching your purpose, wishing health and honour, and al happines, to al worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health I commit you to the Almighty. London, this twentieth of August, 1604.

Your very loving Cousen, N. B.

A letter of loue to a most sweet, and wise creature.

SWeete were that spirit that by the instinct of loue doth vnderstand the silence of truth? whose tongue is his heart, and whose wordes are sighes, in which are hidden those secret fruites of comfort, that onelie growe in the grounde of your grace. Vouchsafe therefore faire sweete, with the sunne-bright eyes of your beauty, to cast one looke vpon the rude lynes of this poore Letter: which if it haue beene so vnhap-

pp

pp as to moone your diſpleaſure, let the fire bee the reward of his preſumption: but if through the fauour of the faults or the vertue of your gratious pittie it hath beene worthy the reading, let mee bee metamorphoſed to worſe then nothing, if I deſire to bee any other thing then that may pleaſe you in all ceremonies and circumſtances, in affection: and therefore leauing my ſeruice to your command, and my loue to the life of your fauour wiſhing to die like the Phœnix, to receiue in the beames of your beauty, I reſt full of true reſt, till I may fully reſt.

Yours as you may, if you will
R. E

The Ladies Anſwere.

WIſe were that heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that ſpirit, which with the art of loue, ſeeketh to enchant the truſt of ſimplicity: which for not inſpecting of craft, falls vpon the point of much miſery. Oh paze trueth, how art thou made a vaile or couer for deceit? when vnder the ſhadow of Paradiſe, is ſought the way to hell. Oh curſed trées that carry ſuch fruit: but not to wrong any creature: Happy may that heart liue, which in faith only ſeekes his felicicie: and pardoned be that paper that doth but his duetie. Let then all vghes be drowned in the depth of oblation, while Silence vnderſtanteth that vertue ſpeaketh. Now for the reſt of the Phœnix, if you can climbe ſo high and carry away neuer a feather with you, thē it is but a fiction, or vertue vnhappy, but to waite the iſſue of honours hope, to the little of vertues fauour, I reſt, when I further vnderſtand you, as I thinke god to anſwere you, and till then, and alwaies reſt.

Yours as falls, as I well may.

A. B.

A reply to the answere,

VNworthy were that mind of the thought of love, which could give place to the treason of betraying of trust: and more then miserable were that life, that towardes hell could make such a passage. Oh Angell-like creature, thinke not the world the habitation onely of the accursed: 'tis to wrong to love, in suspition of truth: You say happy bee that life that seekes happinesse in faithfulnes: but what do you say to love; A simple conceit cannot descend into suspition, and thought of deceit is hatefull to love: Bee not thou incredulous where love is vertuous, and for the fiction of the Phenix, make the substance true in your selfe, whose least thought of saveur, shall be worth all the feathers of the fairest bird that flyeth. So reposing hopes comfort on the honour of your kindnesse, beseeching you to understand nothing of mee more then all yours, I rest in that onely rest, ever to rest,

Yours onely and all.
E. A.

An Answere to the same.

VNhappy be that soule, which in suspition of truth, should wrong the vertue of love: and blessed be that hart, which in hate of treason, makes faith his felicity. Silence is a language that conceit is onely acquainted with, and gentle is that warre, which gives no deadly wound: feare not then the paine that a breath will blow away, when the hope of comfort will cure the disease, but what need more figures? flie the way to hell, and find the way to heaven. Let thy heart goe with thy tong and the Eccho will give a happy sound. Will when, not daring the divine nature of love to be free from the divellish poyson of deceit: I rest as I find reason.

Yours in affection, though not suffring.
M. T. To

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of loue, honour, and seruice, Mistris, E. T.

IF I should commend you above the Mone; and compare you with the Sunne, you would put me in the cloudes for a flatterer, but knowing your owne worth, and finding the substance of my truth, you cannot blame, in admiration, to speake truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the seruice of reason, if you would beleeue, loue would quickely tell you. but the course of inconstancie in the world breedeth distrust of truth in the most faithfull: but all birds are not of one feather, nor all men of one mind. In briefe not to make a long harueſt of a little corne, which being ripe, would be gathered in good time: let truth be my spokes-man, and beleeue my comfort: the hope whereof, as my onely worlds happines, referring onely, to the care of your kindnes, in the faith of true affection, I rest.

Yours assured and assured.
R. N.

A Leter to a friend to borrow a peece of money.

SIr, as nothing more tryeth a friend then calamity, so is there nothing more grieuous then to bee beholding: In kindnesse therefore, if I may become your debter for fiue pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleasure me more then a little: your appointed day I will not breake with you, wherein I may thankefully requite you, you shall finde no forgetfulnes of your kindnes: but time is precious, and therefore entreating your speedy answere, in hope of no denaill, I rest.

Your assured friend to commaund.
T. W.

The

The Answere.

I Would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed, for more then for my necessary vse, that I cannot spare, I am not present plentifully furnished: I pray you therefore take not a denyall unkindly: for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile my best to doe you good, if otherwise you would urge mee, it will be to little purpose: and therefore sorry that I am not in some, to satisfie your expectation, I must leave patience to your kind discretion, which as you know me shall commaund me, for I am, and will bee, to the vttermost of my power.

Your assured friend.

D. S.

To my best beloued Cousin Mistris H. C. at her house in pe. *Chesh.*

MY good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference about consideration: believe me, wth I consider the world, & what I have sene init, and the best things of it, and that all if it effect, is as nothing or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men, who have so much iudgement of good from euill: will set so little, vnderstanding of good, in following of euil: how can those men that know the incertaine time of death, liue as though they thought neuer to die? how can hee that readeth or heareth the word of God and beleeueth the truth of it, bee so carelesse of it and so disobedient to it? will men bee sicke, that may bee whole: or die, that may liue? what shall I say? but as Paule said

ſaid to thy Corinthians: O yee foolish people: who hath bewitched you? it is the word of God, that tranſgreſſion is as the ſinne of witch-craft: and ſurely, if men were not bewitched with ſinne, they could not ſo delight in wickednesse: being the croſſe and barre to all their happineſſe: could the theefe conſider the doome of the lawe, or the miſery of the miſgoyed, ſurely hee would not ſteale: if the adulterer did conſider the filthyneſſe of his action, and the ſhame of his folly, ſurely hee would turne honeſt: if the murtherer did conſider the horror of death, and the terror of ſinne, hee would never kill: In briefe, if any ſinner woulde looke into the ſoule nature of ſinne, hee woulde bee out of love with it, and if hee did conſider the power of Gods wrath, hee would bee afraid of it: Nay, could or would man conſider the goodneſſe of God towards him, in commaunding and forbidding nothing but that which is good for him, howe could hee bee ſo forgetfull of his owne good: in offending the Author of all goodneſſe: If the unthrift could conſider the miſery of want, ſure hee would not bee careleſſe of his eſtate: if the covetous could conſider the miſery of the poore he would be more charitable: if the ſo waſterer could conſider the coſtlineſſe of ſobriety, and the ſhame of immoderatly, ſurely hee would be more chaſt. If the magiſtrate did conſider the miſery of the poore, hee would not be ſo careleſs of their torment, put them to ſuch ſorrow, but remember that juſtice without mercy, is too neere a touch of Tyranny. If the offendant did conſider the griefe and ſhame of puniſhment, hee would containe himſelfe within the compaſſe of a better courſe. If hee that preacheth the word, and followeth it not, could conſider the heauineſſe of Gods judgement, and the ſhame of his folly, hee would doubtleſſe bee more carefull of his ſoule, and more kinde to his flock: If the lawyer could conſider the lawe of God, hee would never grieue his client, nor ſpeake againſt a knowne trueth: but as I ſaid before, to leaue tediouſneſſe, it is the onely lacke of conſideration, that maketh the heedleſſe will of man to runne the way of error, to the ruine of his beſt comfort,

and

and therefore intreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your iudgment touching the heauenly prouidence, and power in the motion of all good actions: yet so to allow of my opinion touching consideration, that it is a great, and one of the greatest causes of the confusion of reason, by the corruption of nature: and withall that the care of your consideration is such as with a many will giue example to the most expert, to follow the rules of your directions in the whole course of your life, nothing my selfe so happy as to enioy the company of so good a friend, till I see you and ouer: I rest in fast setled affection.

Your very loving friend N. V.

To my sweete loue mistris E. P.

SWeet Lone, if absence could breed forgetfulnesse, then long time should doe much harme to affection. but when the eie of the minde looketh into the top of the heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may heare me, so in absence you may see me: for loue is not an houres humour, nor a shadowe of light, but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion: think not therefore, I do or can forget thee, or loue my selfe but for thee: shortly I hope to see thee, and in the meane time, though not with thee, yet not from thee, nor well at rest with my selfe, till I may rest only with thee, I rest alwaies to rest.

Thine onely and all.
F. W.

Her Answere.

MY deare, if delaies were not a death to loue, excuse were currant in the construction of kingdomes but sentences are better spoken then vnderstood, and a pleasing presence, is better then an excused absence: remembrance is good but

but poſſeſſion better, and loue holdeth memorie, but a kind a melancholie. Let your ſelfe therefore be, your meſſenger rather of your loue then your letters, leaſt fortune in a mad fit bee a croſſe to your beſt comfort, not in reſpect of my conſtancy, but my parents vnkindneſſe. This is all I will write at this time, but wiſhing a happy time, to the beginning of a newer ending I reſt till that time, and at all times on the ſame.

Yours as you know, E.P,

An old mans letter to a young widdow.

WIddow, I haue neither a ſmooth face nor a fled tong. to cheat your eyes, nor abuſe your eares withall: but a true heart and a conſtant minde, that dooth inwardly loue you, and will neuer deceiue you: fickle heads, and bubbled willes know not where, nor how to beſtow themſelues, when their wits goe a wool-gathering among theſelues, that haue had fleeces: they may be kind but not conſtant, and loue loues no out-lookers: beſides, light heads haue no ſtaied heels, and a little wealth ſoone ſpent, who knoweth the woe of want can tell you the difference betwixt an old mans darling, and a yong mans darling: Why? how can they loue, that ſcarce know how to like? I know you haue many ſuters of worth: but none that I think worthy, for none can loue you ſo much, nor eſteeme you ſo wel-for I haue knowne the world, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: If therefore all I haue may pleaſe you, and my ſelfe, to loue and honour you, make my comfort your contentment, and I will ſeeke no other paradiſe in this world. Thus hoping that reaſon in your fauour, will effect the hope of my affection, leauing to your ſelfe, to be your ſelfe, I reſt,

Yours, or not his owne
T. P.

SIr, I could never see you, but in a letter, I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondent: a grey head and greene mind fit not, your persuasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weakness: but, though for your good will I thanke you, yet for nothing wil I be indebted to you: not for a world would I be troubled with you: for as your years, so I feare our fansies will be different: and then patience mouing choller may breed discontentment: when to be an old mans darling is a kind of curse to nature: you say well, who can loue, that knowes not how to like: and the senses vncapable of their comfort, what is imagination but a dreame: a blind man can iudge, no colours, a deafe man hath no skill in musique, a dumb man no eloquence, & an olde man little feeling in loues passion: for my sutors they sute my time, and serue their owne, and for their worth, I shall iudge of the most worthie: now for their wits, if they loose not their owne fleeces, let them gather Wooll, where they can, but for your loue, I will not venture on it, left being too old, it be not sweet: and for my yong sutors, I hope I shall take heed of shadowed soureneſſe: and fortune, while vertue governes affection, I will not feare my felicitie: so hoping your owne reason will persuade you to haue patience with your passion, and leaue me to my better comfort: meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe, and none other, I rest.

Not yours, if mine owne,

P. M.

A Packet of Letters.

A letter of a young man to his ſweete heart.

MY loue, if I could haue as good paſſage as my letters, I would be a better meſſenger of my thoughts, then my wordes can expreſſe: but as the ſecret of my heart is ſealed vp in my Letter, ſo is the ſecret of my loue ſealed vp in my heart: which none can ſee but your eyes, nor ſhall know but your kindneſſe: Let me not then languiſh in the lingring hope of my deſires, but haſten my comfort in the onely anſwere of your content: you know the haure of the firſt meeting of our fantaſies, the true continuance of our irremoueable affections and why will you not appoint the concluſion of our comfort? Triall cannot let you doubt my loue: and loue wil be ſworne for the ſecurity of my truth: both which thus far plead for me in your fauour: giue truth the reward of triall, and loue the regard of truth, and deſire not the ſentence of iuſtice to let mee liue or dye in your iudgement: for impriſoned I am in your beauty, bound in the bands of your ſeruice, and liue but in the hope of your fauor, in which I reſt euer and only, to reſt happie in this world.

Yours, though not yours, R.E.

An anſwer to this Letter.

MY ſweet, I rather wiſht your ſelf, then your letter, though in the haſt of your deſire, your preſence had beene too little purpoſe: for deedes are in a good way, that are ſubſcribed and ſealed; but till the deliuery be made, the matter is not fully finiſhed, haue therefore patience for a time, for it is ſoone enough that is well enough: and yet I confeſſe in kindnes, delay is litle comfort: yet ſtay for a faire day, though it be almoſt at noone, be perſwaded of my affection, and let faith feare no fortune, for loue can be no changeling, and ſo imagine of my

selfe: when you offend, I will punish you, and when you doe please, I will praise you: so assuring truth beliefe, and loue comfort, I rest so soon as I wel may, to giue the reason of your best rest, and till then, and euer will rest.

Yours as I may,
M. I.

A merry letter of newes to a friend.

RIght Troian, I know thou louest no complement, nor carest for anie tricks, but as a good fellow and a friend, wouldest heare how the world goeth: with all the world I am not acquainted with, and therefore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it, the pettie place, or parish where I dwel, and some few miles about it, I will tell you, there is a fall of Conies, for there is such a world of them euery day in the market, that except they be yong and fat, there is litle mone bidden for them, Hackney iades are scarce worth their meat, and euery house hath such a dog, that not a begger dare come neare a doore: and not a mouse at a cheese, but a catte is at her heeles: Paid marrion of late was got with child in her sleep, and the Hobby horse was halfe mad, that the fool should be the father of it, a great talke there is of setting vp of a new Tauern, but Tobacco is the thing that wil vent the old sacke, there is spoken so much gibbering, that we haue almost forgot our mother tongue, for euery boy in our schoole hath latine at his fingers end, marry tis in a booke, for al his wit is in his copie, for in capite he hath litle. Our freeschoole is new painted with wisdome ouer the gate, for within except some vnhappie wag, there is no more wit then is necessarie. Now for other newes I will tell you, wet weather frights vs with a hard harueft, and vsurers are halfe mad, for lacke of vtterance of their monie. Law was neuer more in vse, nor men worse out of monie, & for women they are strange creatures, for some of them

haue

ey

have three faces: and ſu fine in proude paces, that if they carry it as they do, they will put many men out of countenance: for other ordinarie matters, they are as you left them, a pot of ale is worth a penny, a Bawd will have braue cloathes, the man in the Moone is aboue the clouds, and the knaue of Clubbes will ſtil make one in the ſtock. Other things there are, that I am ſhortly to acquaint you with: in the mean time write back me how thou doeſt, and how the wind blows on your ſide, and ſo ſorrie I haue no good thing to ſend thee, with the loue of my heart: I commit thee to the Almightie.

Thine to the end,

M. R.

An Anſwere.

THou mad villain, what hath walkt about thy braines, to put thy wits in ſuch a temper? a tale of a Tubbe, and the bottome out: well, to quite your kindnes, you ſhall haue ſome what of our world. So it is, that the Fore hath made a hand with moſt of our fat Geeſe, the Wolfe meetes with our Lambes before they can well go from the damme, and the water-rat hath ſo ſpoiled our fiſh-pooles, that if he had not beene caught with a trap, we might haue gone to the ſea for a red herring. Our Bailiffs bull rannes through all the Vie in our pariſh, and the Tanners dogge hath worried a wild Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundreth takes vpon him like a Juſtice, ſince the new Alehouſe was ſet vp, the Conſtable is much troubled: but though oates be ranke, and Rye be ripe, Wheat is but thinne, and Barley ſhort, good fellow whip goes downe the wind, and yet wenches are right bred: our Piper is ſaine ſicke of an Ale ſurfet, and olde Hyde got a blowe at midnight, that makes him ſtraddle all day. Parnell

shal haue her sweet heart, in spight of Tom-tinker, and there is wondring in the town, that thou art not in the gaole before the Sessions: but be thou of good cheare, there is time enough for a good turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine own welcome. Oh mad slaue, let me be merry with thee a little, for thou knowest I loue thee. thy Grandsire is going to his graue, and hath bequeathed thee a knaues portion: the Wel hath gone for him, but so soone as he is past, I will send thee word in post, that for griefe of his death thou maist drink to al Christian soules, thy sister is where she was, and sweares thou art honester then thy father. I will say no more, but thou hast friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou wilt, we wil haue a health ere we part: and so in hast farewel

Thine to the proofe. R. S.

To a young man going to trauell beyond the Sea.

GOod Cousen, I finde by your last letter, your present intent to trauell, I pray God it fall out for your good, for though in respect of your yeares, your bodie bee in good state to endure some hardnesse, yet there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the aire and the dyet: but aboue these things, there are many things to be obserued, that negligently regarded, may be greatly to your hurt: as first, for your religion, haue a great care that your eies lead not your hart after the horror of Idolatrie, serue God sincerely, not fondly: not in shew, but in truth of zeale, and for al your comfort in al your course, that you trust in him and none else: now secondly, for your eares, take heed of too much following the feminine ier and pray for continencie, it is a blessed vertue. I speake not this for the common or base sort, for I hope your spirit is too high to stoupe to such game, but as the Syrens, whose faces are bewitching obiects, and whose voices as Inchanting mu-

sique

sique, if these be in the way of your eare or your eye, haste you from them, lest too late you find it too true, that you will hardly scape drowning, when you are over heade eares: such words will hang on your heels as will so hinder your swimming, that you will hardly overcome it in health, if you hap to scape with your life: furthermore, if you meet with somechaste Penilasse whose beauty walks euen with her vertue; let not a chaste eie in her, beget an vnchast thought in you: I speake not this in feare of any thing but your youth, yet though I know you well poised in many waies, I doubt you are not right in all; & this being a thing that I know most necessary, I thought in my loue to giue you a note of: now for your purse let it be priuate to your own knowledg, least it be an occasion of your vnhappinesse, and breede you more partakers then for your profite: now for your tongue, let it follow your wit, and tippe it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your diet, let it be sparing, for better leane with an appetite, then got to phisicke for a surfet: now for your conuersation, chuse the wise, and rather beate them then trouble them, and against all fortunes, take patience in all your passage: so serue God, and obserue the word, no doubt but you shal make a benefite of your voyage, and I wall be ioyfull of your returne, and thus loath to tyer you with a long tale, when I know in a little you will vnderstand much: in praier for your good successe and safe returne, I commit you to the Almightie.

Your affectionate kinsman,
and assured friend, N. B.

To his friend G. T, in his time of sicknes, and sorrow for a great misfortune.

Deare George, knowing the cause, though not the condition of thy sicknesse, I am bold a little to aduise thee for the better recouery of thy health: Thou knowest that there is nothing passeth neither vnder nor aboue the heauens, but ey-

ther

there by the direction or permission of the wisedome of the Almightie: ther is no day but hath his night no Elemẽt but hath his contrary, nor comfort on the earth without a crosse: thou art sorry to see the cruelty of fortune, but turne thine eies to a better light, and thou shalt see it a trial of Gods love: for if nature be accursed for sin, thou must find it in this world or another: & the second death is worse then the first. Sickness make thee feele the hand of God, shal not patience make the trie his mercye and health make the knowe his love? if losses make the poore, wert thou not better with patience be Gods begger thẽ in pride the worlds kinge: grieve not then at thy fortune, but live by thy faith: be rather Iob then a Saul, for there is no spurning against so sharpe a pricke as Gods purpose: I am sorry for thy sickneſſe, but more for the cause for to mourn to no end is meere folly, and a pining sickness is a signe of more passion then patience: Christ suffered for thee suffer thou for thy selfe, lay away thy too much melancholy, for sighing is womanish, and weeping is babish: be wise therfore for thy self, and be good to thyselfe, pluck vp thy spirits, and put thy selfe onely vppon God, live not like a dead man, but die like a living man, let not fortune be a messenger of death, nor impatience a prejudice to thy health, take thy horse & ride ouer to mee, and take the time as it fals: if faire the fewer cloaths: if foule take a cloake, but deferre not the time, for thought piercetb apace, and for the mind there is no phisicke, but patience & mirth; bring the first with thee, & the last I will prouide for thee: till when, wishing thée one out of thy solemne Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, till I sée thée and alwaies, I rest.

Thine in all mine owne, D.R.

An answere to the same.

HOw easily the healthfull can giue counsel to the sick, and how hardly they can take it I would I were not in case to proue, but I see patience needs not to bee perswaded, for where pain is, she will be entertained. I know there is no resisting of Gods power, nor muttering against it: but yet think that

that flesh and blood in many things hath much adoe to bear it: though fortune be a fiction, yet it troubleth many fine wits, and the triall of patience, puts the best spirits to a hard point: never to have had, is little woe to want, but to loose hopeles of recovery, will sting the heart of a good mind: a sorrow is sooner taken then put off, & death is comfortable to the afflicted, soules cannot take thought, & knaves will not: but ỹ honest & careful understand the plague of misery: if death be this way ordained me, I cannot avoid it, & if hel come unlooked for, I shal be glad of it, but I am too weak, too rude, & too ful of grief to go: but if you will take the pains to make me try the object of your company, my selfe shall have some roome to intertain a friend for such a need: & knowing your love, can account no lesse, I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let me see you very shortly, if I live you shall know my kindnes, if I dye you shall find my love, so drawing towards a feuers fit, I am forc'd thus to conclude: in the spight of fortune, in the grace of God I will digest what I can, & pray for patience for the rest, & so hoping speedily to see you, till then and alwaies I rest.

In sickne and in health, thine what ere me, R. H.

A younger brother to his elder, saine vnhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly growne fondly proud.

GOod brother, as I am glad to heare of your health, so am I sorry to heare of your ill cariage, it is told mee by them that I can believe, ỹ your wealth which should make you gratious, makes you in a manner odious: why, it is wonderful ỹ you can so suddenly metamorphose your mind frō wit to folly: it grieveth me to heare your description of almost as many as know you, it is said: ou looke over the moone, walk as upon stilts, speak as it were for charity, and with a swelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the foure windes: in your apparrell you are womanish, your Ruffes set so in print, your beard so starched, and your countenance so set, that you are rather meet for a prologue before a Come-

by, then to giue example of ciuilitie: for malitie is a kinde of folly, when hee that walkes vpright like a Rabbet, is like a Boy that should say grace: they say you are seldome without a flower in your mouth, I would it were fitly perfumed, to the desert of your folly: you weare your cloake alwaies abroad, that one may see your silken outside: and your garters beneath your knee are ready to weep for a rose: all these notes are taken of you, and with all, that to maintain this pride you are so couetous as the deuill: for as I heare, you are both an Vsurer and a Broker: and haue more cunning tricks in your trade, then an honest heart could alway withall: truly this is not well: for your estate needs it not, your education doth teach it, let me therefore intreat you, to turne a new leafe: sing a new song: be courteous but not couetous: kinde, but not proud: and haue a conscience in all your courses: for there must be an end of all your matters, and repentance will be the best payment of your ill taken accounts: beleeue it, for you shall find it at last, I wish not too late: and so, out of the sincere loue of a true hart that holds you as deare as his own life, rather desirous to tell you, what I find amisse in you, then to sooth you in what I find grieuous in you, to his grace that may amend you, with my prayer for you, I leaue you.

Your true louing brother.
R. B.

To a faire proud Tit.

FAire Pictures, why should you turne that to a curse, which was giuen you for a blessing: I meane your beauty, which should haue made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance, and when you speake, you counterfeite such a kind of lisping, that you cannot bring out a wise word: your bodies are made so straight, and your Fardingale so great, that in steed of a woman, you make an Antiche of your selfe: I am plaine, but tell you

you troth, I think you are best in your quoting coat: for your tricking and your trying takes away all your proportion: so that the Painter and the Tailer, have put nature out of countenance: but since it is the fashion, for fooles to weare a cockscombe let them weare feathers that list, I will not blow them away: but as a good friend let me tell you, that tell you but for your good, be honest and be hangde, and let Knavery goe to the divell. Stand not leering in your doze, nor devise lies to make tooles, nor use tricks to picke pockets, for in the end all will be naught: for the pore, or the gallowes, or the divel, will be the reward of plaine treachery if in the way you scape beggery: and therefore follow my counsaile, giue ouer bee times, before it giue ouer you: and since I haue turned my coate, turne your old gowne, and we will ioy together, to goe both in a liuery: for say the word, and I am for thee, and so till I heare from thee: I commend me to thee.

Thine if thou wilt, D. H.

Her answere.

YOu wicked villaine, hast thou plaide the Ieiue so long, that thou art weary of thy selfe: and now commest to me for a companion? soft snatch, your trick is an Ace out, and of all the Cards I loue not a knaue: my beauty is not for bleare eyes, nor shall pretended honesty cheat my folly: hast thou had thee occupations, and none thriue? Pedler, a Parasit, and a Pander? and now wouldest be a cony catcher? Sir, I haue no game for your ferret: therefore hunt further: Now for my leers and my lookes: and my tricks, and my topes, if they fitte not your humour, I am not for you, but for the pore, and the gallowes, and the divell, or the ale house, keepe you from them and I will keepe me from you: and if I thought I might trust thee, I could put thee into fooles paradise. but if thou art not afraide of sparrow blasting, come home and take a birdnest: which if it be better then a woodcock, thanks the heauens

for thy good Fortune, and mée for my good will; and so till I sée thy liuery, I leaue thée to thy selfe.

Thine if I liue. M. T.

A kind Sister, to her louing Brother,

MY deare Brother, as you know our loue began almost in our Cradles, so I pray you let it continue to our graues, I haue had a bad husband, and you no good wife, and yet with patience, we haue liued to sée the strange changes of times: but wee must one day walke after our friendes, and therefore in the meane time, let vs make much one of another; write vnto me, how you doe in body and minde, and when I shall be so happy as to enioy your good company: for being alone, you may bee as a husband, and a Brother to controule my seruants, and comfort my selfe: beléeue mée I long to sée you: and in the meane time to heare from you, and therefore I pray you, let no messenger passe without some few lines of your kind loue, which are as deare to me as my life, this I pray you let me not faile off. And so with my hearty commendations and most kind loue, in my daily prayers for thy health, I leaue thée to the Almighty.

Thy very louing Sister. A. N.

His Answere.

SWéet Sister, I haue receiued your kind Letter, for which I returne you in my kind thankes: my body I thanke God is in good health, but my minde somewhat out of temper, for I sée three things that doe much grieue me, A Foole rich, a Wiseman wicked, and an Honest man poore: for the first, either prodigally wasts himselfe, or like a dogge in a bench hole, hoords vp his money hee knowes not for whom: the second turnes witte to an euill course, that might

might compasse better matter: and the third, liues in griefe, that he cannot shew the vertue of his condition. But, when I consider againe, that heere is no Paradise, the Angels liue in Heauen, and hell is to neere vnto the Earth, I am glad I can fall to paper, to shunne the traps of the deceitfull: And since I cannot goe from the course of Fates, to take my fortune as patiently as I can. You say well, we haue liued to see much and yet must die when we haue seene all: you are ridde of a trouble, and I well freed of a torment, yet are there crosses enough, to try the care of a good Conscience, in which I doubt not your wisdome, nor shall you of my will: but as patience is the salue of misery, so is loue the top of Nature: in which as we are neerely linked, so let vs liue inseperable, shortly I hope to see you, and till then, and euer will loue you: The Lord of heauen blesse you, and in his mercy keepe you, so with my harts loue to you, to the Lords tuition, I leaue you.

Your very louing Brother, E, B.

A young man to his first Loue.

SWeet Loue, since first I saw you, I see none like you, nor like any, but only you: my reason is drawne out of many grounds, and all in your graces. For first, your beautie being such as exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to reach, and your demeanure so discreete, as driues me onely to wonder: beleeue my affection, to be so touched with entrueth, and requite my loue, with some token of your good liking: for being the first starre that hath made me study Astronomy, let me not liue in the clouds of your displeasure: least in a mist of misery I fall to the lowest of Fortune; Leauing therefore my life to your fauour, or my death to your frowne, I rest restlesse, til I may rest.

Yours onely, and all. *T. P.*

Her Answere.

IF your heart were in your eyes, and your wordes were all truth, I should beleeue a strange tale, of the great force of fancy: but I must intreat your pardon to pause vpon my iudgment of your opinion, I would I were as you write me, though I did not requit you as you write me: for though I would not be vnkind, yet wil I not be vncareful. Strong my is to high a study for my capacitie, and the cloudes are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded, that the earth cannot hold them: in briefe therefore, build no castels in the ayre, least they happen to fall on your necke: distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithfull, nor put your life to loues passion: least it try your patience too much: howsoeuer it be, carry reason in all your courses, and your care wil haue the more comfort; to which, I wish you as much hope as a true heart may deserue, and so not knowing your rest, will trouble you no further, but rest as I haue reason.

Yours in goodwill. A. M.

A traueller beyond the Sea, to his wife in England.

DEare wife, the misery of my fortune is more then can easily be borne, and yet the most of griefe is to be absent from thee, and my little ones: But as a Hen to her Chickins, be kind to them till I see thee, and pray for my successe as I do for thy health: from many dangers, God hath deliuered mee: and I hope will after many stormes, send me a faire day to do me good, & a faire wind to bring me home: in the meane time I will haue patience, and entreat thee the like, for loue so long settled I know cannot lose his nature: and therefore not doubting thy constancy, I commend me to thy kindnesse: kisse my babes for me, and kindly receiue for thy selfe and them such to-

kens

kens as by this bearer I ſend thee, for thee and them: thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greateſt happineſſe in this world, in prayer for the ſame and thee, and thing elſe more, I reſt: Amſterdam, this 22 of Auguſt. 1604.

Thy deare loving Husband. T. W.

SWeet hart, let me intreat thée to be as merry as thou cãſt in ſpight of fortune and all her fury: for if thou haſt but life to bring home, yet loue ſhal bid thée welcome, my prayer and thy little ones is daily for thée, we al long to ſée thée, and think it long to be ſo long without thee, but knowing thy intent for our good, we will haue patience til thy comming, and pray for the ſpeed of it, with good ſucceſſe of thy trauail: the poſts haſt is great and therefore I muſt end, for thy kinde letters and tokens I thank thee ſomewhat by this bearer I haue ſent thee, my notes in my letter will tell you what, with my hearts loue, which can holde nothing from you, but anoweth all I am and haue, ready for you: ſo with my babes kiſſes and my owne, in prayer for thy health and hearts eaſe I commit thee to the Almighty, London, this 23. of September, 1604.

Thy very loving wife, E. A.

To his friend that was in loue.

HOneſt Wilkin, I cannot but mourne for thee, to ſée thée in ſuch a taking, as I thought neuer to haue taken thée in. I heare ſay thou art in loue, is it poſſible to bee true, that the ſpirit of error could euer haue taken ſuch poſſeſſion of thy wit, to make a ſaint of an Idoll, and loſe thy ſelfe in a maze? why? firſt the thing loue, is another worlde then this, and hath little buſineſſe with ſuch creatures as thou keepeſt too: I am ſorry to heare how thou windeſt thy ſelfe into ſuch a net, that thou canſt no way get looſe: vpon folly, leaue thy fancy leaſt

leaſt thou be ſorry too late, & then no mã wil pitty thee: whan hous bothe eies, and be ſtark blind eares, and haſt heard nothing: more, and can ſmell nothing: a witte and can perceiue nothing: and a heart that can feele nothing, to put thee frõ this new-nothing, which thou haſt met with, called loue: why: let me tel thee what it is: ſimply, I cannot tel thee: but what are the qualities of it, as I haue heard and read of it, I will deliuer thee. It will Cuckold age, and beſoote youth: betray beautie, and waſt wealth: without vertue, and worke villanie: this kind of loue I meane, that makes thee dance trenchmore without a pipe: it will not let one ſleepe, nor eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor ſit in quiet: it will teach a foole to flatter, a knaue to lye, a wench to dance, and a ſcholler to be a Poet, before he can hit the right way of a kind verſe, it will make a Souldier lazie, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer ſide, a Merchant poore, and a poore man a begger: it will make a wiſe man a fool, and a fool quite out of his wits: it will make a man womaniſh, and a woman, Apiſh: To be ſhort, there is ſo much ill to be ſaid of it, that he is happy who hath not to doe with it. If therefore thou be not too farre gone, come back againe, if thou canſt leaue thy ſtudie, laie away thy book, and think of other matter, then the mouth of Venus, leaſt Mars be angry, as Vulcan play'd villaine: when Cupid ſhal be whipt for ſhooting away of his arrowes: In fine, giue ouer thy humor, for it is no better then a fancy: and liue with me but a day, & thou wilt be in hate with it all night, for the deſire is fleſhly, and the delight is filthy: the ſute is coſtly, and the fruit of it but folly: Leaue beauty to the painter, to helpe him in his Art: wit to the Scholler, to helpe the weakneſs of his memorie, and wealth to the Merchant, to encreaſe his ſtock: Caſes to the Lawyer, to help his pleading, honour to the Souldier, to put forth his valour: and ſo let thy miſtris be deuided among them, and when they are all together by the eares, come thou away to mee, and liue with me: and credit mee, thou wilt in the end thanke mee for dealing thus truely and plainely with thee, In the meane time, let

me

me heare from thée, what I shall hope of thée: for as thou knowest, I love thée, so in my time have I written to thée, what I know is good for thée, and what I wish may bee good with thée. And this till I sée thee in hearty prayer for thee, and like commendations to thée, to the Lord of heaven I leave thée.

Thine as thou knowest.

L. E.

Her Answere.

GOod Goose eate no more hey: what a noise hast thou made with keaking at nothing? Thou hast heard, thou knowest not what, and talkest thou knowest not how: take a woodcocke, in a spring, and touch not mee with these termes: now for thy mourning, let it be for the losse of thy wit, for I have no feare of had I wist: Love (quoth he) yes, never knew what it is, and yet speake so much of it. either you wrong it or your selfe, that you no better understand it: for let me tell you, you are mistaken in it: it is the light of beautie, the blisse of nature, the honour of reason, and the joy of time: the comfort of age, and the life of youth: it is the tongue of truth, the stay of wit, and the rule of understanding: it is the bridle of will, & the grace of sence: it makes a man kinde, and a woman constant, and while fooles and Apes play bo-pepe for a pudding, Lovers have a life, that they would not leave for a mountaine. Now for Mars and Venus, they are studies for schoole-boyes, and he that feareth Vulcan, let him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art strangely out of tune, to write me such a peece of musique: for were I but in the way, shal I turne back to thy whistle? no, thou knowest not what it is, & therfore talke no more of it: for hadst thou but once kindly had a taste of it, thou wouldst die ere thou wouldst leave it. beléeve it, I know it, & therefore

for the derision of thy mistresse, I will take it as a dreame, and be sorry, that awake thou hadst no more witte then to write it: but let all unkindnesse passe, it may be I will shortly see thee, and then make thee glad to yéeld to me, that thou art in a foule error, to wish me leaue my loue, to liue with thée, but since I know thy kindnesse, I will beare with thy weakenesse, and in the faith of an olde friend, harken to thee in another matter: and so wishing thee no more to ennie so much against a matter of so excellent vertue, I will leaue thée for this time and rest alwaies.

Thine as mine owne. R. P.

To his onely and all beloued, E.S.

TRuely sweete heart, I am so out of order with my selfe, with the extremitie of loue that I beare you, that my hart is euen at my mouth, to say sweet hart when I thinke on you: and if I but heare your name, it makes me start as though I should see you, and when I looke on my handkerchiffe that you wrought me, I thanke you with couentry blew: oh how I lift mine eyes to heauen, and say to my selfe, oh there is a wench in the world: well goe to, but when I sée my Iet ring, that you sent me by your brother Will, I doe so kisse it, as if you were euen within it. Oh Nell, tis not to bee spoken, that affection that I beare thée, why I fereted all night for the Rabbet I sent thée, and haue béen in the wood all day, to séeke a fine birds nest for thee: my mother is making of a chéese-cake, and shee hath promised it me for thee, well beleeue mee I loue thee, and my high shoes come home on Saturday, Ile see thée on Sunday, and we will drinke together thats once, for indéed I doe loue thée: Why my heart is neuer from thee, for ouer and besides that, I thinke on thée all day, I doe so dreame on thee all night, that our folkes say in my sléepe, I call thée sweet hart, and when I am awake and remember my selfe, I

sigh

ſigh and ſay nothing, but I would I wotte what, but tis no matter, it ſhall bee, and that ſooner then ſome thinke: for though the old cruſt my father, and olde Cramme my mother will not come out with their crownes, I care not, I am all their ſonnes, and therefore I ſhall haue all the Lands, and therfore hauing a good Farme, we ſhall make ſhift for money. And therefore ſweet heart, for ſo I well dare call thee, I pray thee be of good cheere, waſh thy face, and put on the Gloues that I gaue thée: for we are full aſkt next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what: for I haue your Fathers good wil, and you haue my Mothers: it buckle and thong hold, we will loade our Packs together: I would haue ſaid ſome what elſe to you, but it was out of my head, and our ſchoolemaſter was ſo buſie with his boies, that he would ſcarce write thus much for mee, But farewell, and remember Sunday.

Thine owne from all the world. F. B.

To her heart of Golde, and beſt beloued.

NOwne Loue, and kind ſoule, I thanke thee for thy ſweet Letter, a thouſand times. I warrant thée it hath beene read and read ouer againe, oftner then I haue fingers and toes: euery night, I gette vppe our man into my Chamber. and there by my bedes ſide hee ſittes and reades to mee: ſtill, ſtill, till I am almoſt aſléepe, but when hee reades, ſo often ſweete heart, and I loue thee, Oh ſay I, you doe lie, and hee ſweares no: and then I ſaid, I thanke you Tom no loue loſt: for I am no changeling: and when hee comes to Deame and wake, and wiſh, I will not tell you what I thinke yet, but one day I will tell you more: in the meane time, bee content, and truſt mee I haue a band in hand for thee, that ſhall

be done afore the time: and let our friends doe their willes, wee will not hang after their humours. So, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for euer and euer: My mother hath stolne a whole pecke of flower for a Wyde-Cake, and our man hath sworne, hee will steale mee a braue Rose-mary bush: I haue spoken for Ale, that will make a Catte speake: and the Youth of our Parish haue sworne to bring the blind fidler: well be of good cheere, on Sunday I will bee at Church, and if there bee any dauncing, I hope to haue about with you. And till then, and the Sunday after, and euery day after that, God be with you. Written by our man at my beds side at midnight, when the folkes were all asleepe.

Your true louing in heart, till death vs depart, E. S.

An angry Letter, by a young Louer in the Country to his Loue. M. N.

MArgery, the truth is, you doe not loue me well: what doe I get by you to lose my dayes worke, and sit on a stile blowing my fingers in the colde, in hope to meete you a milking, and you send another in your roome, and goe to market another way: well, if I bee not your sweete heart, much good doe you with your choice: I hope my fathers Son is worthy of your mothers daughter; Your picking in a cloute is not so good as a plough, and for your portion, I can haue your bitters, but tis no matter, hee is curst in his Cradle, that trusts any of your wordes, and therefore since tis as tis, let it be as it will: I will not put at my heart, that you, hang at your heeles, Well to be short, take it for a warning for I am angry: if you serue mee so againe, you shall serue

mee

me ſo no more, that is once: and therefore either bee, as you ſhould be, or bee as you liſt, for I will not digeſte more then I can, that is the truth: other folke ſee it, as well as I, what a foole you make of me, but tis no matter, I may live to bee meete with you: but yet, if you will giue ouer your gadding, and be ruled by your friendes counſell, I can bee content to forget all that is paſt, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And ſo hoping to heare better of you, then ſome folkes thinke of you, meaning to be at your towne the next market daye, if you will meete me at the Roſe, we will haue a Cake and a cup of Ale, and may happe bee merrie ere wee parte: and ſo Farewell.

Your Friend, as you
vſe me. B. D.

BArnaby, you are much to blame, to fall out with your ſelfe, for want of better company: If you bee angrie, tuttle the Buckle of your Girdle behinde you: for I know no Bodie is in loue with you. Whats heere to doe with my Fathers horſe, and your mothers mare? Why, I wonder what you aile, is the Moone in the Eclipſe, that you are ſo out of Temper? How trueth, tis pittie a foole cannot haue a little witte, but hee will ſpend it all in a ſewe woordes: Mas the daye, it will bee night by and by, and if you bee ſo ruffly to put pepper in the noſe, if you came neere both wayes, you are in no danger of Death. Well, to bee plaine, care for your ſelfe if you will: for in trueth, I will take no charge of you: For if you will holde on your courſe, you may walke whether you will, and no bodie looke after you: for my ſelfe, I will forgette your Name, and proper perſon. I hope there is none ſo madde as to be in loue withall. In concluſion, come not to mee till I ſend for you, nor looke after mee, till I bidde you, I will drinke no Bottle Ale